

# Northern Messenger

Rates Inside

Montreal, February 15, 1941.

78th Year

## Young Loggers

By L. E. Eubanks  
For the Messenger.

HAVING worked in a lumber camp in the Riot River country, Stan Grant could talk his proposition rather effectively. "River hunters make good money," he argued; "they come along after the big drives are over, get the logs that sank, float them down to one of the mills and cash in. Right now we can get there early and do well. The water'll be high and we'll see some storms, but you two chaps look husky."

And so Steve Billows and Bud Goodrow, young but strong, had packed their scant belongings and joined the optimistic Stan. At first the work had been very hard, but now, inured, and familiar with the technique of "peavey juggling", to use Bud's term, the youths could have been quite well satisfied, but for their feeling toward Stan.

"Yes," agreed Steve, "I can see that we're making some money and getting as strong as horses; you told us the truth about all but one point—we didn't know that we were to do *all* the work."

"You must be kiddin'," grinned Stan, who was always good-natured; "I thought everybody knew that the cook don't work on the river. After I found that I was the world's greatest chef I quit the wet work—definitely."

"Rats!" put in Bud. "Anybody can cook—at least good enough for loggers; really you're not doing much for your third of the profits."

"That's what *you* think," Stan was still smiling. "I can handle a peavey when I have to, and maybe you and I can change jobs for a day. One day'll be enough, I think; you'll be glad to take back the river job."

"That's a bargain," snapped Bud.



"HOW STEVE GOT HIS BURDEN TO THE RIVER BANK, HE COULD NEVER EXPLAIN."

THE following morning Steve awoke coughing. It seemed that the house was full of smoke.

"Don't be frightened," giggled Stan; "it's only our new cook, the poor fish can't even make a fire in the stove. This is going to be good."

"Were these funny-looking bits of leather intended for flapjacks?" asked Steve, a little later. "I'm no judge, but—"

"Not much of a breakfast for a couple of hard-working loggers," commented the former chef. "We'll be chewing bark before noon."

Bud's face was red, but he showed plenty of fight. "You'll take it and like it!"

The noon meal failed even more woe-fully, but neither Steve nor Stan made any comment, when they observed that

Bud was three-fourths angry and nearly ready to give up.

Coming in for supper, Steve lay down immediately after washing his hands and face, but he wasn't too tired to smile at Bud's attack on the potatoes. The peeling consisted of cutting off such thick "slabs" that Stan laughingly inquired, "Which pile is the potatoes?"

A withering glance was the only reply, but Steve was too tired and hungry to laugh.

Next morning Steve threatened violence if Bud left the bed until breakfast was ready; and Stan resumed his position as "the world's greatest chef."

\* \* \*

HAVING successfully gone through two storms, with plenty of high water, and hard work to retain their

raft of retrieved logs, the two chums were surprised when Stan announced one evening that a real storm was about due and that they might lose most of the logs they had corralled.

"For a fellow who does nothing but cook and read," growled Bud, "you know a lot about river work. Steve tells me that you were not any better on the logs than I was with the skillet."

Stan grinned. "It isn't my specialty, but I've seen things; I've known anchor ropes bigger than ours to break when the wind is high and the water really vicious. Unbelievable volumes come down the watersheds; this old stream will show you why it was named 'Riot'."

With supper cleared away, Stan spent most of the evening repairing a broken chain, which the others had not even seen before. Heating a rod of iron in the stove, he cut it, then shaped two new links for weak places in the chain. "Better use this from now on, in place of the rope," he said.

"Just trying to show off," mumbled Bud; "that rope'd hold an ocean of logs."

"He's probably right," conceded Steve; "we'll take it with us tomorrow. It looks so much like storming, I believe I'll go to the village tonight. We need a few things, and I'm anxious about the mail. It may be a terrible day tomorrow."

The chain completed, Stan had lain down, with the inevitable magazine. While not at all surly, he had never shown any inclination to join the others in conversation—another thing that irritated Bud.

After Steve had gone, against the advice of Stan, Bud sat in silence for a long time. Then:

"As long as I live I'll have a mental picture of you lying on that bunk reading. No older than we are, but never talk to us. Are we just your servants?"

\* \* \*

STAN laid the magazine aside, saying calmly, "I've always thought that you fellows, being chums, would rather not have me butt in. Perhaps I'm a bit too sensitive. I'm not educated; you fellows have gone to school, and I know nothing but the woods. That's why I read at every opportunity—trying to learn a little something. I'm sorry if I've been misunderstood, for really I'm not unsociable. Just a cook, that's all I know."

Bud probably would have buried the hatchet, but for those last words. In memory of his chagrin on the cooking job, he got mad all over again. He was about to make a hot reply, when Stan leaped to his feet, reaching for his coat.

"That storm I predicted is setting in right now. Steve'll have a terrible time getting back. The rain's coming

down in torrents, and we'll have to take the chain, and get down to the river."

"We," sneered Bud. "You're only a cook. Give me that chain. I'll show you."

Stan called after him, but was completely ignored.

\* \* \*

AN inner voice had warned Steve Billows when he stepped from the cabin. But Steve, though not so impulsive nor so stubborn as his chum, did feel somewhat self-assertive and a bit antagonistic toward Stan.

"I'll not be bossed by a fellow no older than I," he muttered.

All day there had been suspicious little gusts of wind, and now there was a queer hazy look in the sky, with occasional lightning, and thunder that came closer with each repetition.

"Oh, it won't rain much," Steve told himself, buttoning his mackinaw; "I've been wet before—and as for those logs, I think Bud's right, the rope will hold. Would be tough, though, if the raft broke away, best catch we've had. But it won't."

If it was a mistake to start to the village, it was a bigger one to start back, for the storm was fairly under way. But now Steve was really worried. Would that rope hold? The man at the store had agreed with Stan's prediction on the severity of this particular storm.

"I was an idiot," confessed the frightened youth, as he almost ran along the darkening trail. "That lazy hound of a cook may not even offer to help Bud—and Bud'll turn him down if he does. And one man, with water pouring down the Riot like it is now, can't—" He increased his pace.

Thunder crashed and rolled, and lightning streaked across the angry clouds only to make the succeeding darkness more intense. Now, nearing the river, he heard its roar even above the howl of the wind, and appreciated that Stan had not exaggerated in predicting far higher water than they had yet seen.

It was only a short distance from the river to the cabin, but if the raft was already gone there'd be no use to return, and if Bud was at work he must have immediate assistance. Only a particularly vivid flash from the sky enabled Steve to locate the group of logs, but in that same flash he saw a moving figure.

"Bud!" he yelled. When there was no answer he cupped his hands round his lips and called with all his strength, but the river's roar and the wind made his efforts futile.

Anyway, it didn't matter; he'd soon be with his chum. Loyal, courageous Bud, out there trying hopelessly to do three men's work; one of the other two

thoughtlessly going to town at such a time, and the other probably sprawled on the bunk complacently reading!

"If Bud's alone I'll certainly tell that cook what I think of him and his one-job philosophy," Steve grated, as he plunged into the torrent. He had, by a flash of lightning, marked a possible passage to the raft, but before he was halfway there, swimming a part of the time, then climbing from log to log, a violent impact in his side almost stunned him. Desperately, he fought his way, straining his eyes for another glimpse of his pal.

"I'm coming, Bud," he yelled. "Work this way, let the thing go, you'll drown, we can't save 'em, the rope'll break any minute." But there was no answer, nothing but the wildly careening logs.

Anchored in the stream's centre, the raft was now serving as a boom—the barrier placed by loggers to catch floating logs. Could the boys have relied on their anchorage, the storm would have been helpful, quickly adding more to their number of logs than could be secured in days by the usual method. None of this, however, occurred to the anxious Steve. Bud's safety was his only thought.

On the raft at last, Steve felt all over it. With sinking heart, he decided that the movement he had seen was that of Bud's body slipping off. "I'll find him!" Steve screamed. He took several deep breaths, then dove under the raft. He repeated this until he had searched thoroughly.

But in the moment of despair, as he was edging around the west end, he brushed against a body, the lower half of which was submerged. A forward bend at the waist over one log, with head and shoulders on another, had prevented drowning, but the youth was unconscious.

The lightning had subsided and the darkness was so utterly black that Steve could not ascertain the nature of the injury. The one thing he could do was get his pal home; then they'd save him if that was humanly possible.

\* \* \*

HOW Steve got his burden to the river bank, with only such assistance as the logs could give, he could never afterward explain. But once there, he got his friend's back on his own, took secure hold of the coat, and carried him without great difficulty. Incoherent mumbling indicated that consciousness was returning, and Steve hardly felt his own exhaustion.

A light burned in the cabin—"to read by!" Steve hissed, as he approached. The door had been blown open; funny Stan wouldn't even close out the cold.

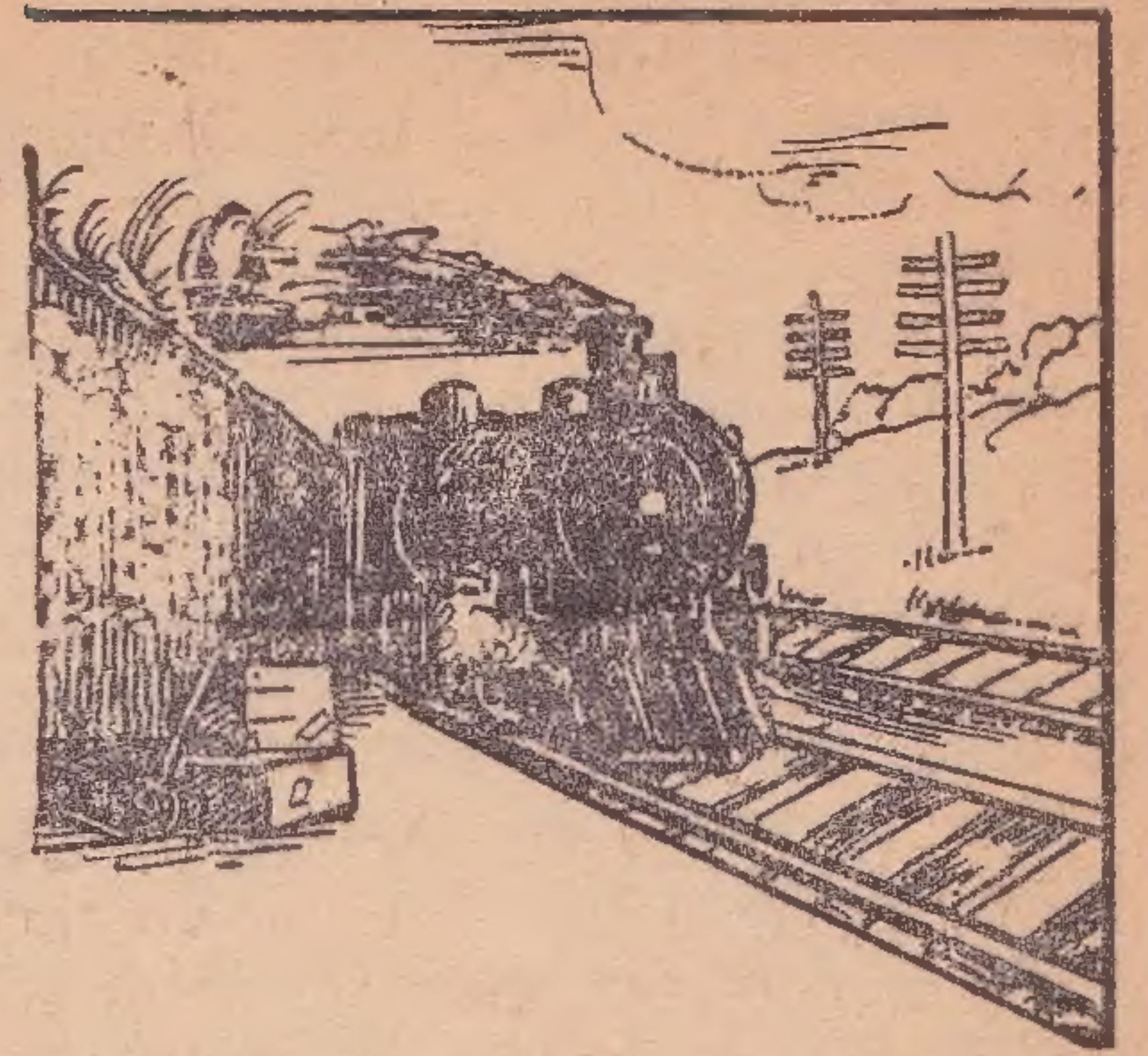
Sliding his burden to the couch, and turning to look at the ashen-white face, (Please turn to Page 4.)



# Behind the Counter

By N. M. GEORGE

For the Messenger



## IMPORTANT PEOPLE

**EZRA SYTHE**, General Storekeeper in Topville, a small coastal town. **MRS. SYTHE**, Ezra's wife.

**ROBERT DOUCE**, a determined young fellow whose plan to work his way through college and become a minister leads him to take the job of clerk in Ezra's store.

**TOM JONES, CALVIN BATES, JIM RICKSON** and others, fisher lads whom Robert persuades to form a club called the Topville Progressive Club.

**JACK BATES** and **BEN JOHNSON** fishermen who get involved in a bootlegging scheme at Coon Cove Point. Robert bicycles to the Point one night to try and find out what they are up to.

**R**OBERT hid the vehicle in the trees near the main road, which was a few hundred yards from the shore. He walked stealthily towards the shore. Ben Johnson, Jack Bates and several other men were all busy landing kegs and cans from a large dory, and were hiding them in the bushes. The mysterious blue light was nothing more than a large battery lantern covered with blue cellophane.

Robert crouched low in the bushes and heard all the conversation. Seating themselves on the kegs the bootleggers made plans for the following night, when they intended to land another load. A truck would be ready at the main road to convey it to the retailer, whose name they also mentioned. Robert waited under cover until they had made all their plans and gone away. He then spun over the road home. He did not awaken Ezra that night; he wanted to think out some way to stop those bootleggers.

The thought flashed across his mind: Why not make use of the Hallowe'en celebration stuff? These people steeped in superstition and local traditions and who told so many falsehoods to shield themselves would yield easily to something they thought supernatural. One thing he was determined on, and that was the intoxicants would never leave Coon Cove Point as planned. Next morning he told Ezra all he heard and asked his advice. Ezra was as puzzled as Robert. He suggested going early and destroying it, but Robert wanted to stop it altogether. He then told Ezra of his plan to masquerade and frighten them. Ezra became suddenly enthusiastic. He forgot his tired limbs and awareness of increasing age of the night previous, and entered into the idea with zest. He and Robert

went to Robert's room as soon as supper was over. Maria was surprised and wondered what had come over Ezra when he handed her some money and told her she might just as well go along with Mrs. Cassis to a show and have a jolly evening. Then both conspirators donned their disguises. Robert's mask was of thin bluish material fitted with a small electric light inside. A battery that supplied the energy was hidden in the pocket. The mask represented a hideous skull. Large cavernous eyes glared, teeth in a large mouth seemed to burn with a supernatural light. A long robe of black completed the spectre!

Ezra's mask was of a demon. Fitted similarly with cellophane and small electric lights, light seemed to come from his horns, his eyes and his mouth. Ezra was excited, and seemed to have a secret of his own, twittering to himself that he wasn't too slow for all he was an old codger. He put in his pocket several firecrackers of different kinds, and packing his masquerade in a box, bade Robert do the same.

They started to Coon Cove Point early, as it was a long walk, but both were too much excited to think of it. They arrived in good time and donned their apparel and each was almost scared of the other in the darkness of the foggy night; each forgot how he himself looked. Ezra produced a small sharp awl, with which he punctured each can and keg. "If this is entered in bond, we are 'sabotaging' a legal enterprise," said Ezra, with a chuckle, and Robert gave the old man a slap on the back.

As the spirits trickled and ran, two very human persons under their disguises looked their part as evil spirits to perfection.

"Smell me, smell me," suddenly cried a shrill, small voice, apparently coming from the ground over which the rum was trickling. "Hear me gurgle; I shall be miserable here. Why did I not run down some man's throat so I could do a lot of ill? That's what I was made for." It was Robert's turn to be startled. He almost turned to run. Ezra laughed so hard that Robert nearly lost his temper.

Ezra then explained that it was ventriloquism. This trick he had learned when a boy, from an old travelling showman. He had never used it for many a long year; but he had thought of it in the morning when Robert had showed him the masquerade and told him of his plan to frighten the law-breakers. He had been practising all day, whenever he had a chance, and was quite pleased with his skill. Robert was so glad of this added weirdness that he forgot his momentary annoyance and laughed with Ezra, as he demonstrated more of his talent.

Robert had another trick to find out for sure who the culprits were and, as he said, to mark them with a 'brand'. He had two water pistols filled with ink. One of these he handed Ezra and explained its use. Then they hid in the thick trees not far from the empty kegs.

\* \* \*

**T**HEY waited a while before the boat arrived. It was a very foggy night, not even the white wet fog that is customary on the coast, but a thick blanket of black, right off the ocean. The boat was almost ashore before they heard it. Tonight they did not have the ghostly light. Nothing but a dim lantern. The men stepped out and took up four one-gallon cans of booze. They proceeded up the bank towards the place where they had hidden the stuff the night before. Suddenly, out of the eerie darkness came a low, soft voice: "Please, Mr. Bootlegger and Mr. Rum-runner, don't come here; please don't come here. Let us rest in peace."

The men stopped in their track. Then a rough voice spoke from behind them: "What are such miserable rakes as you doing here. Don't you know that this ground belongs to us? We are decent, honorable pirates. We have captured ships and taken their gold, but we have never captured men and taken their souls. We have scoured the seas in search of wealth, but we never stopped to steal men's health. We are the pirates bold, of whom your stories told. Why do you come with dirty low-down stuff to disgrace our Buried Treasure? Begone! Begone!"

Could one describe the faces of those

men, he would be an artist. Were they frightened? Would you not have been if you were in their case?

The thick fog had lifted a little, but still hung overhead, making the light look more ghastly as they flashed it round and round to see who was speaking. Next the can of rum spoke. "Drop me! drop me! Don't you know I am illegal?" The cans dropped to the ground, the men stood as if petrified. "Turn to your left, turn to the left." They obeyed, stupified. The demon stood silently glaring at them, shooting flames from his long tongue, his long nose lighting up his fiery eyes. "I am looking after you, my workers. I am looking after you; see you do your work well," came in hoarse tones from the fiery mouth.

\* \* \*

NEXT the skull came from behind the devil, and peering over his shoulder, said, "Where did you get these two poor humans?"

"Right here, doing my bidding," answered the demon.

"Poor men, poor men!" continued the skull. "You must be branded. From henceforth your fellows will know you belong to the evil one."

He stepped forward and covered both with the revolver. Up went four hands and the terrified fishermen begged for their lives. For their wives' and children's sake they pled for mercy. They promised to give up this business and never to go to Coon Cove Point again on such an errand.

"You have sold me your children long ago by your evil ways and lying tongue. Nothing can save them from me. I will brand you now," and both pistols shot forth a sprinkling of indelible ink. Over their head and hands the ink trickled freely. The men groaned as if shot. Just then the Roman candles and fire crackers began to explode, sounding like the 'crack o' doom' and lighting up the gloomy shore with an unearthly brilliance. As though rooted to the ground the two stood pawing the air in frenzy and begging for one more chance. At last the skull told them that they were in the power of the devil because they had given themselves to his works. They would have to turn over a new leaf, go to church, stop drinking and bootlegging. They would have to live decently and honorably among their fellow citizens and stop telling lies. "As long as you do good works," the skull told them, "the devil cannot hurt you, but when you are his servant you must expect to obey him." With teeth chattering, poor Jack and Ben promised anything—everything—to get clear of that terrible place. "Get into your boat and go quickly," the skull told them, and it did not take long for them to scramble to the canoe and paddle away. The awful roar that followed made

their blood run cold. They did not know it was a siren whistle.

Robert and Ezra sent up about a dozen sky rockets and as they burst, Jack Bates, glancing fearfully back over his shoulder, muttered, "Hell sure broke loose that time." The people on the opposite side of the bay were full of the ghost next day, as many saw the strange fireworks. Ezra and Robert destroyed the remainder of the booze and returned home. Robert packed away the Hallowe'en celebrations. He would not use any this year in Topville!

It was Ezra and Robert's turn now for a knowing wink when the ghost yarn was told, especially the awful lights that appeared at Coon Cove Point on that night. Jack and Ben had little to say, but did not join in the ghost yarn as usual.

Robert noticed, too, that they kept their promises. Calvin mentioned at the club that "father never drank any since the night he and Ben came home so nearly dead." The black ink was still in evidence on their faces, although they had scrubbed them so hard to remove the brand of the "evil one." Their only hope was to remove it from their souls. The trick had worked. Robert wrote all about it to his mother. She replied, "I do not know if you overcame the evil with good this time or not. Only time will tell. You will have to work to keep what you have started in the right track."

(To Be Continued)

## THE YOUNG LOGGERS

(Continued from Page 2.)

Steve Billows received the greatest surprise of his life.

"Stan!"

And then, from the adjoining room, "Oh, Steve, I'm glad you made it!"

There lay Bud, evidently hurt, and Steve looked from one boy to the other speechless.

"I'm all right, pal," Bud assured. "I tried to put the chain on; got a severe strain in my back,—can't move much. Stan followed me, brought me home and went back, saying he'd fasten the raft with the chain."

Steve turned to the rallying boy on the couch.

"I did it, too," grinned Stan. "What a bunch of logs we'll have! I was okay until a log bumped me in the back of the head. Better hang out a 'Hospital' sign, Steve; and, by the way, can you cook?"

Bud tried to clap his hands. "Will I enjoy this revenge! You're unanimously elected, pal!"

At a fishing competition music was supplied by gramophone. Did they have a record catch?

## ANIMALS IN WAR LANDS

*In all the crushed and war-racked lands*

*They wander, frightened and forlorn,  
Bereft of warm and friendly hands,  
From all they loved, who loved them,  
torn.*

*Oh, piteous questing, when the hearts  
They trusted since they drew their  
breath,  
So tender of their slightest smarts,  
Are haled afar or cold in death!*

*Thou who dost heed the sparrow's fall,  
Oh, make these agonies to cease;  
Still these lone hearts that mutely call  
And grant to them, in love, Thy peace.*

*There must be heavenly recompense,  
Aye, even for "the least of these,"  
Beyond the bounds of time and sense,  
Beyond war's baffling agonies!*

—Sel.

## Ways of Approach

THERE are always two ways in which we can approach men. We can approach men under what someone has called "the notion of the bad," and we can approach them under "the notion of the good."

To approach them under the notion of the bad is to point out to them their defects and their shortcomings; and sometimes, indeed, that is very necessary.

But to approach them under the notion of good is to emphasize, not their defects, and their shortcomings, but those virtues which stand over against them, casting out, as it were, into those virtues, the steadfast anchor of hope.

A child may be cured of untruthfulness, either by being shown that wrong is wicked, or that truth-telling is something brave and admirable.

A clerk, likewise, can be dealt with for indolence and slackness, either by being reproved for his sloth and indolence; and as a last extremity, threatened with dismissal, or by having business-like methods forcibly and hopefully commended to him. The former method is, no doubt, the easier, and, I suppose, the commoner one; but the latter in nine cases out of ten is the more efficacious.

For obedience freely rendered under the notice of the good is worth a thousand acts of obedience rendered under the notion of the bad.—The Dean of Westminster.

Mrs De Smythe: You say your flat is burglar-proof. How so?

Mrs Van Browne: Yes, it is. It couldn't possibly accommodate another person.

# Portrait of a Londoner

By EMLYN WILLIAMS

in "London Calling"



I AM going to talk about a woman I know. She's forty-seven, below normal in height and in breadth and lives in London; her calling is both the humblest and the most independent of all. She doesn't answer to the name of "A Lady Help." Oh, no! When she answers the phone, all you hear is: "This is the charwoman speaking!"

Her face, in repose, is melancholy and a little vague; her grey hair curls quite prettily over the temples, but her looks are spoiled by one protruding tooth which her married daughter keeps begging her to have out, but she won't hear of it; a gypsy once told her that one day it's going to bring her luck and she's sticking to it. Her clothes are soon described: spotlessly clean, but all black, and always black.

Any fine morning she is to be seen kneeling on the steps, "doing" them; the heels of the little boots tapping against each other as she leans to and fro. Once she is actually on her job, her vagueness vanishes; whether it's polishing the lino, or sorting out the ration books, she works swiftly, noiselessly, and with beautifully precise and cheerful movements.

\* \* \*

SHE has two vices—one is singing, while she is washing up, in a very high, completely tuneless voice, the most unsuitable songs. Some time ago it was "The Night Is Young and You're So Beautiful"; just lately, when one has become pretty well bomb-conscious, her choice is even more unsuitable: "Give a Little Whistle."

The other vice is bomb stories, told in the most spiritless manner. It's the same ritual every time; I have to play up to her, but it's quite easy, as it just means saying "yes" over and over again.

"You know the big stores, sir, next the pillar-box?" "Yes." "You know the picture-house next the stores?" "Yes." "You know the little garridge which stands on the other corner?" "Yes." "Well, it's gawn."

I said her face was melancholy in repose, but when something really interests her those eyes suddenly brighten and dart about like a bird's. And she even talks.

That something which interests her isn't the war, which she ignores, and has only mentioned once (when somebody asked her if she didn't think somebody's maid was a fifth columnist), she looked more severe than I've ever seen her look, and the old tooth stuck out farther than ever as she said:

"There's only one man that knows all those things, and that's Mr. Churchill,

God bless 'im; (you better drop 'im a line.)"

No, there's only one interest in her life, and that's Reg. Reg is her only son, aged 15, an office boy in the City. It isn't that she praises him; on the contrary, she's always running him down. "That lad'll be the death o' me; people say it's 'igh spirits, but 'e's a bad boy."

I gather that Reg's great accomplishment is combing his hair forward, raising one arm, and giving an impersonation of Hitler which is apparently, war or no war, the talk of the Stock Exchange—he sounds to me rather a trying young chap.

But he is her whole life; the only time she is in any hurry to finish her work is on Reg's half day, when she has to get home for his dinner—"only 'e'll bolt it all, and off on that 'bike' again, 60 miles an hour, naughty boy. Serene's gawn, sir."

\* \* \*

BUT I'm telling you all this in the present, when some of it ought to be in the past. Because on Thursday morning she was late for the first time since two years ago, when it was discovered that she had had pneumonia for 48 hours without anybody knowing. She was so late that when I left the house she still hadn't come in.

When I got back about 12, though, I was relieved to hear the clatter of dishes in the sink; but no singing. The carpet had been Hoovered, and she'd given all the brass handles on the desk an extra polish.

"I called out, "Everything all right?" She called out "Yes"; and I thought no more about it. And then I realized suddenly that the noise of dish washing had stopped; there wasn't a sound. I was mystified, and walked into the kitchen.

\* \* \*

SHE was standing perfectly still in front of the sink, her hands wrist deep in soapy water, looking out of the window. I spoke her name, and with a great and simple dignity she turned her head. She looked at me, and I knew my presentment had been right. She smiled; I noticed with a slight shock that her poor old tooth had gone, but that didn't spoil the smile, somehow.

"You know, sir," she said, "you know the way you teased me about me bomb

stories? Well, I got me own bomb story now."

I followed her eyes to the edge of the draining board, and there saw the charred halves of two one-pound notes. She was obviously shaken, but no worse. "What about Reg?" I said. "Well," she said, looking out of the window almost absent-mindedly, "'e's all right. As soon as 'e saw I was o.k. 'e went off on 'is 'bike,' the naughty thing, to 'elp with another fire in the next street, an' a wall fell on 'im an' 'e fell in a crater, and 'e's in the 'ospital with 'is legs broken; but 'e's all right. When I left 'e'd got the nurses in stitches with the imitation of 'Itler."

\* \* \*

SHE was still looking out of the window, quite without movement, a single tear rolling into the wrinkles under one eye, when slowly and unconsciously almost, she said two things which I don't think should be forgotten. She said, "You know, sir, 'e's a very small boy for 'is age, but 'e's got spirit." Then came the only comment on the war I've ever heard her make.

"That 'Itler," she said thoughtfully, still looking out of the window, "that 'Itler, dropping bombs on Reg and me an'—such . . . You know, he's a bad loser."

After a lot of difficulty I persuaded her to go back to Reg and her own affairs for the rest of the day. She finished washing up, dried her hands methodically on the roller towel, folded her apron, put it carefully in its drawer, made up the laundry, perched the little toque on top of her head, and set off.

I watched that tiny, unobtrusive figure going its way along the street. She got to the fallen masonry strewn on the corner, stopped, gave one firm twitch to her fur tippet, the black boots proceeded to pick their way steadily through the rubble, and she was gone, the toughest, bravest, little fighter of us all.

## A Poet Passes

John Oxenham, novelist and poet who had written more than 30 books, died on January 24, at Worthington, Sussex, England. Among his books were "A Saint in the Making," "The Hidden Years," and "Christ and the Third Wise Man."

Reticent about his age he was generally credited to be over 80. His "Hymn for Men at the Front" written during the last war sold 8,000,000 copies.

Messenger readers will recall several of his poems which have been quoted recently in these pages.

## THE FAITH OF EXPERIENCE

*"Unless a Christian is a witness IN HIS LIFE, his OPINIONS do not matter two pins to God or man.... My charge spells more and not less faith in the Saviour of the world. As I love the fact of life more, I care less for fusty commentators. As I see more of Christ's living with us all the days, I care less for arguments about His death. I have no more doubt that He lives in this world today than that I do."*—GRENFELL.

### One in Him

Subtly, mysteriously, profoundly, awfully we are one; and there is no soul so feeble but that in the economy of God that soul is or ought to be the minister of His saving grace and holy love to other souls and to the whole family of mankind in earth and heaven.  
—R. J. C.

### A Test of Education

A PROFESSOR in the University of Chicago told his pupils that he should consider them educated, in the best sense of the word, when they could say "yes" to every one of fourteen questions that he should put to them. It may interest you to read the questions. Here they are:

Has your education given sympathy with all good causes and made you willing to espouse them?

Has it made you public-spirited?

Has it made you a brother to the weak?

Have you learned how to make friends and keep them?

Can you look an honest man or a pure woman straight in the eye?

Do you see anything to love in a little child?

Can you be high-minded and happy in the meaner drudgeries of life?

Do you think washing dishes and hoeing corn just as compatible with high thinking as piano-playing or golf?

Are you good for anything to yourself?

Can you be happy alone?

Do you look on the world and see anything except dollars and cents?

Can you look in a mud puddle by the wayside and see anything in the puddle but mud?

Can you look into the sky at night and see beyond the stars?

Can your soul claim relationship with the Creator?—Christian Advocate

### Prayer

... More things are wrought by prayer  
Than this world dreams of.

\* \* \*

For so the whole round earth is every  
way

Bound by gold chains about the feet of  
God.

## WORD FOR THE DAY

Be strong, and work: for I am with you, saith the Lord of Hosts.—Hag. 2:4.

I am the vine, ye are the branches: he that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringing forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing.—John 15:5.

I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.—Phi. 4:13.

Strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might.—Eph. 6:10.

The joy of the Lord is your strength.—Neh. 8:10.

Thus saith the Lord of hosts; Let your hands be strong, ye that hear in these days these words by the mouth of the prophets.—Zech. 8:9.

Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees. Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not.—Isa. 35:3, 4.

The Lord looked upon him, and said, Go in this thy might.—Judges 6:14.

If God be for us, who can be against us?—Rom. 8:31.

Therefore seeing we have this ministry, as we have received mercy, we faint not.—2 Cor. 4:1.

Let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.—Gal. 6:9.

Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.—1 Cor. 15:57.

### Criticizing the Pears

"YOU tell me that your book is the Word of God; but you do not prove it so." So said the owner of an orchard in North Italy to Colporteur Mariani, who offered him the Scriptures as he stood admiring the fruit trees.

"What fine looking pears," said the colporteur, suddenly changing the subject, "but what a pity they are of such poor quality." "What!" exclaimed the orchard owner. "Of poor quality! It is plain that you have not tasted them. Pick one or two, and try them!"

The colporteur did as he was bidden, and began to eat. "Yes, you are right," he said, smacking his lips, "the pears are excellent; but, sir, you must deal with my Book as I have dealt with your fruit. Taste, and you will see that the Word of God is good."—Christian Herald.

The most popular book in Chicago, the Chicago Bible Society reports, is the Bible. Rev. J.L. McLaughlin, secretary of the organization, said it distributed 449,980 copies in Chicago last year.

### Head lights and Their Spiritual Parallel

Every motor vehicle carries headlights. No one is allowed to drive without them. They throw a straight beam of light in front of the car. They do not show up the surrounding landscape or light the road for miles ahead. But the light shows up any obstacle immediately in front, and the driver knows that when he has covered the next hundred yards it will show him what lies beyond, and so he will get safely to his journey's end.

The Holy Spirit is a headlight like that. He does not light up everything at once, but sufficient for each step of the way.

If it is dangerous and foolish to drive a car in the dark without lights, it is more so to dash through life without the light that God gives you.—The War Cry.

### Sacrifice

Lord, I have laid my heart upon Thy altar,

But cannot get the wood to burn;  
It hardly flares, ere it begins to falter,  
And to the dark returns.

'Tis all I have,—smoke, failure, foiled endeavor,

Coldness and doubt and palsied lack;  
Such as I have I send Thee, perfect Giver,

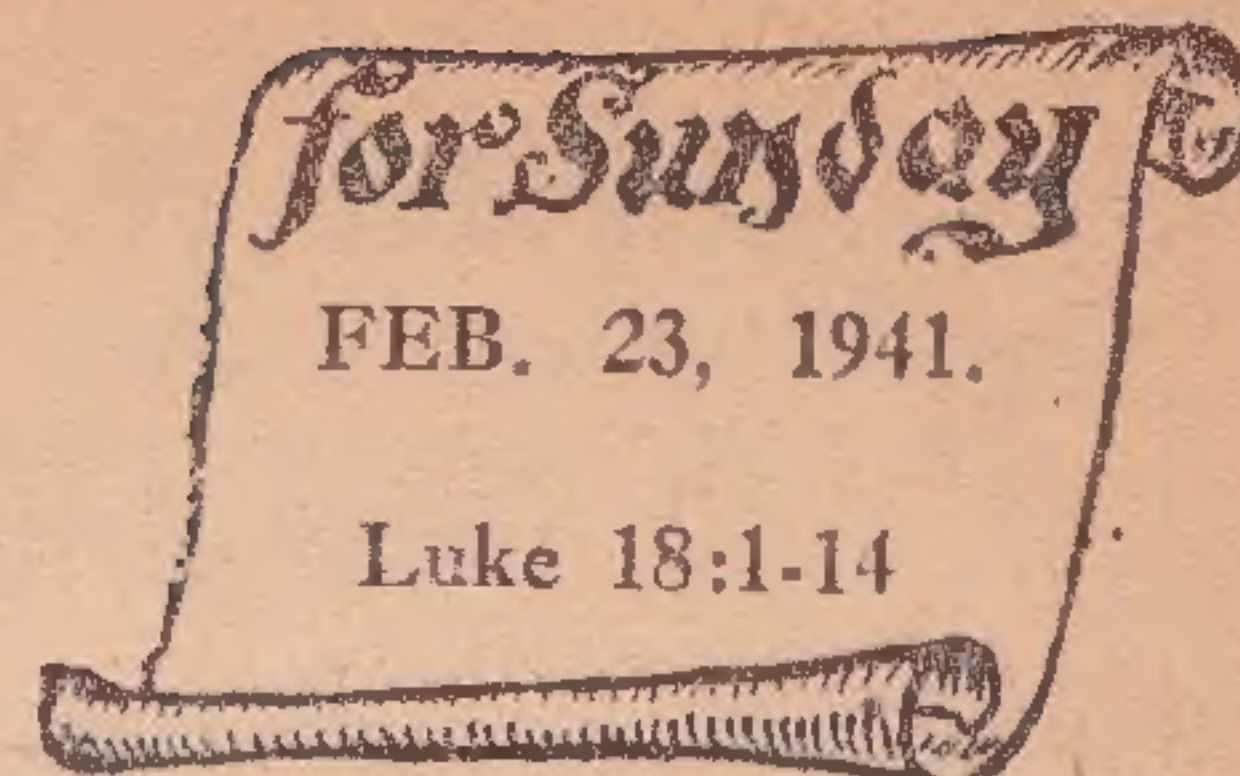
Send Thou, Thy lightning back.

—George MacDonald.



# Lord, Teach Us To Pray

by BERGAN



SOME Pharisees asked (St. Luke 17:20) when the Kingdom of God should come. There was a wide expectation at that time of the coming of the Kingdom of God, "the Reign of God." Both John the Baptist and Jesus had proclaimed that it was at hand.

"A common expectation was that there would be a great demonstration in the sky and a visible descent of the Messiah. At all events a great earthly kingdom with the Messiah's throne and his conquering army was looked for." (Adeney)

Jesus had been preaching and teaching for more than two years, yet it seemed to people that the Kingdom was no nearer.

Not with observation.—Not a sudden, local spectacular appearance such as they expected.

Within you (or "among you")—The kingdom had come. It was in men's hearts. It was present, though these Pharisees did not see it.

St. Paul says, "The kingdom of God . . . is righteousness, and peace and joy in the Holy Spirit." (Rom. 14:17) Where these are there is the "Reign of God."

As our Lord said elsewhere the kingdom was like leaven which was hidden in a lump of dough "till the whole was leavened." That is how the Kingdom works. "One loving heart sets another on fire." We pray "Thy kingdom come," asking God that it may take full possession of our hearts and lives and so come in all its conquering fullness.

Before this final triumph there would be times when the disciples lonely and persecuted, would desire "to see one of the days of the Son of Man." They would long for a return of the old days of tender intimacy. But in God's good time "the Son of Man would be revealed." (unveiled) Always present with His own people, His presence for a time unseen would at last be visible to everyone. This revelation would come suddenly as a lightning flash.

He calls for courage in the time of testing. "Whosoever shall seek to save his life." "Seek" is a stronger expression than "will" or "wishes to" in 9:24. It suggests "the picture of a figurative hunting for some secret place where he may hide in the crisis of danger." (Adeney)

It is a grand paradox. The brave man "preserves" his life even if he loses it. The coward "loses" his life by "seeking to secure it." There is a ringing message here for these times of ours.

We kneel, how weak; we rise how full of power!

Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,

Or others—that we are not always strong,

That we are ever overborne with care,  
That we should ever weak or heartless be,

Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,

And joy and strength and courage are with Thee?

—Archbishop Trench.

\* \* \*

Sometimes a fog will settle over a vessel's deck and yet leave the topmast clear. Then a sailor goes up aloft and gets a look-out which the helmsman on deck cannot get. So prayer sends the soul aloft; lifts it above the clouds in which our selfishness and egotism befog us, and gives us a chance to see which way to steer.

—C. H. Spurgeon.

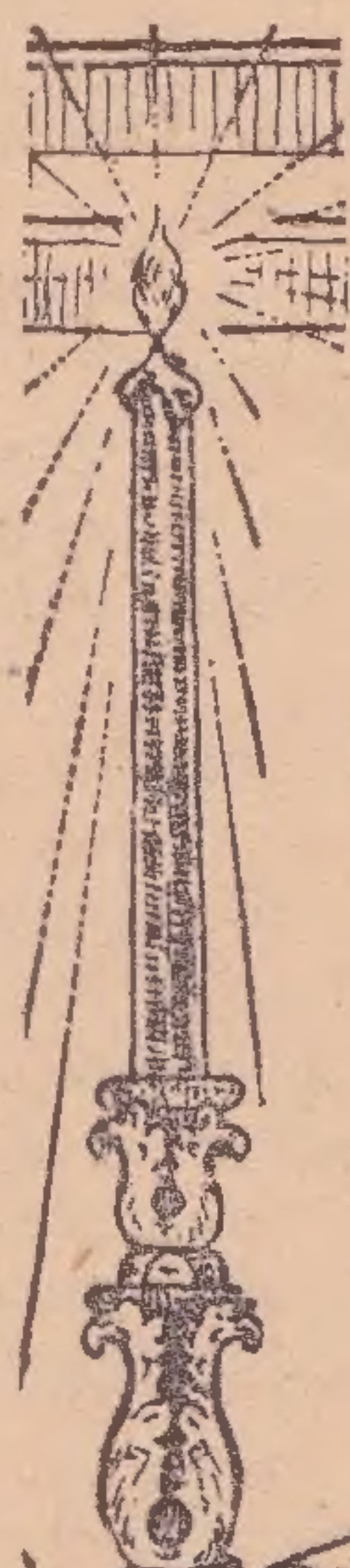


Cowards die many times before their deaths;

The valiant never taste of death but once. (Shakespeare)

"NOT TO FAINT"

THEN lest they be discouraged by long waiting, He teaches them that "men ought always to pray"—literally



## Memory Verse

Lord, teach us to pray.

—Luke 11:1.

### DAILY BIBLE READINGS

Mon.—Luke 18:1-8

Tue.—Luke 18:9-14

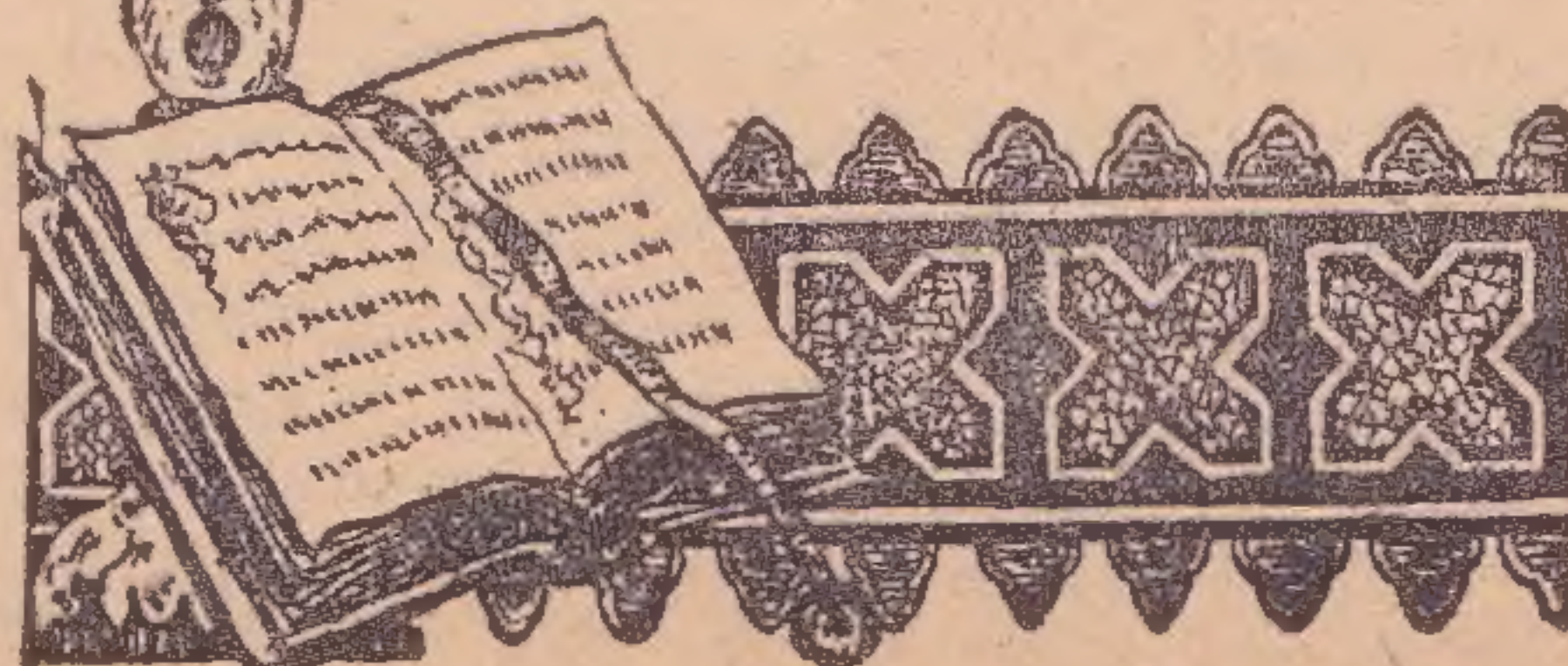
Wed.—Mark 7:24-30

Thu.—Matt. 8:5-13

Fri.—Mark 9:20-27

Sat.—Matt. 21:12-16

Sun.—Luke 11:1-4



"men must always pray."—"It is absolutely necessary to pray and that perseveringly. 'Always' i.e. under all circumstances, never abandoning prayer in despair. 'Not to faint' because the answer to prayer appears to be delayed." (Adeney)

He tells them a story. "Once upon a time there was a judge who had no regard for right in the sight of God and who cared nothing for his fellow men."

The Romans had a fine ideal of justice. A seven-fold qualification was required of Jewish judges, "prudence, gentleness, piety, hatred of mammon, love of truth, that they be beloved, and of good report." Whether this man were a heathen or a Jew he was unworthy of his office.

A widow.—Therefore specially helpless.

Avenge me.—Better "vindicate me," "do me justice." Perhaps a rich neighbor, taking advantage of the death of her husband, had stolen her land. The robbing of widows and orphans is often denounced in the Bible. (Ex. 22:22-24; Isa. 10:1-2; St. Matt. 23:14, etc.)

Weary me.—Wear me out. (R.V.) a Greek pugilistic expression, "to strike under the eye."

Her continual coming.—"That is the point—persistence."

Unjust.—Unrighteous. He was not only "unjust" in his judicial decisions, but was thoroughly bad.

And shall not God.—"There is no comparison of God with the bad judge, but a designed contrast." (Adeney) If a bad judge helped an unknown widow "how much more" will God help his own people.

"INSTANT IN PRAYER"

THEY must pray persistently. God does not need to be persuaded. He is "more ready to hear than we to pray and is wont to give more than we desire or deserve." There is mysterious power in prayer. "Before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking I will hear." (Isa. 65:24) There are many promises like this in the Bible and they have been verified by many experiences.

Prayer is more than "asking," it is even more than thanksgiving. It is communion with God. Prayer admits us to a higher world, and a more real world, than that of space and time. When we pray we know that God hears us and answers us. (1 John 5:14, 15)

(Please turn to Page 8.)

## Liquor is Poison

THREE leading United States psychiatrists have proposed the labeling of every bottle of liquor sold in the country as poison.

In interviews at the conclusion of a symposium on alcohol conducted by the American Association for the Advancement of Science in Philadelphia, Dr. Merrill Moore and Dr. Abraham Myerson of Boston, Mass., and Dr. Leo Alexander of Harvard declared that the Federal Food and Drug Administration should require all distillers to place on their bottles a label warning that the liquid is a narcotic drug which is definitely harmful.

Dr. Moore said, "there is no reason why alcohol should not be labeled a poison in the same way that arsenic, carbolic acid and other poisons are labeled." He said it would be a step toward temperance.

Alcoholism, he declared, "is 1,000 times a greater problem than that of any other narcotic drug and the attack on it should begin with such simple approaches as 'Warning, Poison' labels on liquor bottles and perhaps on cocktail glasses."—A. P.

The world's smallest antelope is found in West Africa. It stands only a little over twelve inches high at the shoulder.

He that studieth revenge keepeth his own wounds green.—Bacon.

## TEACH US TO PRAY

(Continued from Page 7.)

Even when the answer seems long in coming, "we have confidence in God."

"Prayer is not conquering God's reluctance, but taking hold of God's willingness." (Phillips Brooks)

His elect.—His chosen people, (Psalm 33:12) Used in the N. T. for the spiritual Israel. (1 Peter 2:9)

Avenge.—God's people suffer persecution and oppression. But He will yet do them justice, will "vindicate" them, in the sight of all men.

Though He bear long with them.—"And he is long-suffering over them." (R.V.) It may mean, "Though His coming seem to be delayed."

Speedily.—"Though it tarry wait for it . . . it will not tarry." (Hab. 2:3; 2 Peter 3:8, 9)

Faith—"The faith." The unshaken confidence necessary for patient endurance.

There is a very real message for us in these verses. We often hear people say, "Why doesn't God do something?" God "sees the end from the beginning." God is "doing something." He is doing more than we understand. Meanwhile we must trust Him, and we must do our part.

## A Little Child

Just a little pair of hands  
Learning to do life's work,  
Two small feet for us to guide  
From paths where dangers lurk.  
A little opening mind to wait  
Its message from above,  
A heart all clean and innocent  
To take the Saviour's love.  
With spirit free the incense sweet  
So swift, so high may soar,  
Wafting a pure unquestioned faith  
Straight to the Master's door.  
Be careful, oh so careful,  
Whoever comes to see,  
For this is God's best treasure  
He has lent to you and me.

—Anon.

## The Conqueror

HE went down to the school with a glimmering of another lesson in his heart,—the lesson that he who has conquered his own coward spirit has conquered the whole outward world.—Thomas Hughes.

A needle's eye is wide enough for two friends; the whole world is too narrow for two foes.—Persian Proverb.

The next time you get discouraged, just try encouraging someone else, and see if it will not cheer you.—Anon.

## "PRAYED WITH HIMSELF"

THEN our Lord tells them another story of prayer. It is apparently addressed to certain among the disciples who were proud of their spiritual attainments and lacked the virtue of humility. Note the keen sarcasm in the story.

Trusted in themselves.—"The fatal fault, instead of trusting in God." . . . The Talmud inveighs against . . . those 'who implore you to mention some more duties which they might perform.' (Adeney)

Despised others.—"Set all others at naught." (R.V.)

Up into the temple.—"The temple was on a hill, 'Mount Moriah' approached by a magnificent flight of steps." (Adeney) The courts and colonnades were much used for private as well as public prayer. Twelve noon and 3 p.m. were hours of public prayer. (Acts 10:9; 3:1)

Prayed . . . with himself—What a cutting phrase! He trusted "in himself" and prayed "with himself." He used God's name, but his whole prayer was a round of self-gratulation. His prayer is all "I . . . I . . . I."

Not as other men.—"Not as the rest of men." (R.V.)

Twice in the week.—"Mondays and Thursdays were observed by some Jews as fast days, though the Law only enjoins fasting for the Day of Atonement." (Lev. 16:29) (Adeney)

Tithes of all that I get. (R.V.)—"The Law tithed only the fruits of the field and the increase of cattle." (Dummelow) Some scrupulous rabbis tithed not only the seeds but the leaves and stalks of their garden herbs. Here, they boasted, they were doing more than God required! Beyond his fasting and his tithing, the Pharisee's "goodness" was all negative. He didn't do this, or the other!

## SINCERE PRAYER

A FAR off.—"That is from the Pharisee, whom, in his humility, he thought far more righteous than himself." (Dummelow) A pathetic touch! Smote.—"Continued to smite" as memories of his evil deeds swept over him.

A sinner.—Literally "the sinner." As the Pharisee singled himself out as the holiest of men, so the Publican thinks of himself as the most sinful.

His prayer was sincere. It came from his heart.

Justified.—"Regarded as righteous," a favorite word with Paul and used five times by Paul's friend Luke in his Gospel. Neither with our Lord nor with Luke nor with Paul is such righteousness "fictitious" righteousness. Augustine says, "God loves us for what we are becoming." The Publican "steadfastly purposed to lead a new life," like Matthew-Levi (5:27-32), Zacchaeus (19:2-10), and many other publicans. There is no use calling ourselves "miserable sinners" unless, with God's help, we try to climb out of our "miserable sins."

In prayer we should above all things be sincere. It was natural for the publican to think of himself as "the sinner." It would be un-natural and morbid for a child to do so.

Let us, young and old, look away from ourselves and our feelings and "anchor ourselves in God."

Everyone that exalteth, etc. — Our Lord repeats His saying of Chap. 14:11. It is when people realize their need that they come to God and get these needs supplied.

## QUESTIONS

1. What story did our Lord tell about prayer?
2. Did He mean that God had to be "persuaded" to answer our prayers?
3. What did He mean?
4. What other story did He tell about Prayer?
5. What was the matter with the Pharisee's prayer?
6. What was good about the Publican's prayer?
7. "Lord teach us—," Complete the verse. (For Answers, please turn to Page 12.)

# The Painter Who Would Not Give Up

Murillo — Spanish artist who found his way to fame through hard work and courage.

By JULIA GRAYDON

(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED)

SPAIN has been called the "Land of mountains and mules, moons and mosques, monks and Murillos," and that last word is included because a little boy, of sweet and gentle disposition, was born there at Seville in the year 1617, just three years before the Pilgrim Fathers landed on the shores of America. His name was Bartolome Esteban Murillo, a mechanic who did not have much money to devote to his boy's education.

Little Murillo loved to scribble on the walls of his home and one day when the family were at church he took a picture called "Jesus and the Lamb," and painted his own hat on the infant Saviour's head and changed the lamb into a dog. His parents did not like having their picture changed but they saw that he had a talent for painting and his uncle who was a painter took great interest in him, doing all he could to encourage the boy. He taught Murillo how to read and write and also how to grind the colors and prepare the canvas for painting. When the boy's father and mother died this kind uncle, whose name was Juan de Castillo, took care of him.

\* \* \*

SOME years later de Castillo went to live in Cadiz and then the young Murillo and his sister went to a place called Ferari and there Murillo tried to earn a living for them both. He went into a market stall one day and began to paint rough pictures of the people about him, just as you have seen a "lightning artist" paint on the streets or in a shop window. The people were pleased with the paintings and bought them, but even then Murillo did not have enough money to live on.

By and by a friend of his named Moya, who was returning to Seville from Flanders, came to Murillo and told him all he had seen on his travels and urged him to go to Italy. Murillo was too poor to go, but he decided to earn the money. He bought a large canvas and cut it into several squares which he covered with pictures of Madonnas and saints. People admiring his indomitable spirit purchased his paintings and in this way he made quite a little money.

In the meantime he had heard much about the great Velazquez so he went to Madrid to see him. When Velazquez met him and heard his story he said, "You are a painter. Courage, my friend, a day will come when Seville will be proud of you." Then he invited the young man to come and work

in his studio, and this Murillo was glad to do, though it meant giving up his journey to Italy.

\* \* \*

ONE day while he was seeking an angel face for a picture, a maiden came into a church to pray and Murillo used her face as a model. He fell in love with her and after a short courtship married her. She was of

sus and Elizabeth is pushing forward the young St. John to receive from Christ the reed cross. John carries a scroll on which are the words, "Behold the Lamb of God." God is seen above in benediction, while the Holy Spirit appears in the form of a dove and all about are cherubs.

Once when Murillo was asked by a servant woman to paint a picture on a napkin he did what she asked and before evening the picture, known as the "Virgin of the Napkin", was worth its weight in gold.

Murillo's death was very sad. He was painting in a convent at Cadiz in 1682 and fell from a scaffold. He lived long enough to go to Seville and died there in the midst of friends. He was buried in the Church of Santa Cruz, beneath his picture "Descent from the Cross." His grave was covered with a slab on which was carved a skeleton and his name, with the two words, "Vive Morituros"—"Live as if about to die."

All of Murillo's pictures "breathe innocence and purity." He had a wonderful power to touch the hearts of men and awaken tender emotions, and as someone has said "One admires Velazquez and adores Murillo."

## The Gorse

A glorious feature of the Old Country hills is the Furze or Gorse,—called Whin in Scotland and Northern Ireland. It has been called the Mark Tapley among plants because it is always ready to take advantage of any little sunshine and open its bright golden blossoms even in winter. The name furze is supposed to be derived from the fir, the plant being given the name because it is like a coniferous tree. Its other name of gorse is from a Welsh word meaning waste, given probably because it is found in waste places. Whin comes from "whyn" a weed. Linnaeus, the great Swedish botanist, said he thanked God that he had ever been allowed to see such a beautiful plant as gorse.—Sel.

## Facts

London contains seven thousand miles of water mains.

Street cleaning in Britain costs about \$50,000,000 a year.

The dome of St. Paul's weighs about 68,000 tons.

Bob: My friends tell me that I am a wit.

Betty: Hm! They are half right.

## What Is a Boy?

*HE is a person who is going to carry on what you have started.*

*You may adopt all the policies you please, but how they are carried out will depend upon him.*

*Even if you make leagues and treaties he will have to manage them.*

*All your work is going to be judged, and praised or condemned by him.*

*Your reputation and your future are in his hands.*

*So it might be as well to pay him some attention.—Railway Carmen's Journal.*

noble family and they were able now to buy a home; later three children were born to them.

Murillo painted twenty pictures for the convent of the Capuchin monks. One of these, a full-length portrait of the Canon's dog, is so natural that real dogs bark when they see it. He loved to paint Madonnas, saints and beggars, especially the beggar-boys of Seville. His painting was of three styles, cold, warm and vapory, and the picture "Elizabeth of Hungary" unites these three styles.

In 1660 he established an academy of art in Seville of which he was elected president. His paintings were now selling for enormous prices. "Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception", today in the Louvre, brought 24,600 pounds in 1852.

Another well-known picture is "The Flight into Egypt" and one of the most beautiful is his "Holy Family," now in the Queen of Spain's gallery at Madrid. The Madonna is holding the little Je-

# The Chums

## Mail Bag



DEAR CHUMS,—

This number of the Messenger brings to a close our contest on the subject "How to Keep Fit to serve Canada." I promised you that this should be a three-part contest and so it will. But the third subject hasn't been quite decided on yet. You have handled the first two subjects very well. (Newcomers note—the first subject was "Why is My Country at War?"). I think we have learned a lot from each other through these letters. Some of them especially, were very well thought out. It would be good to have even more entries for the third section when it gets under way than we have had for the first or second subjects. We are just getting "warmed up". Don't you think so? Just as we are really getting tuned up to buying War Savings Stamps in a big way. This is War Savings Pledge month by the way. Nobody has forgotten that. May every chum and Messenger reader do their bit nobly. A small sacrifice now means a big reward latter on—every War Savings stamp bought is an investment in freedom for the future.

YOUR LOVING AUNT RUTH.

\* \* \*

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums;—Last night I saw and heard the Toll Brothers' Travelogue "Hiking Through South America," presented by Rev. Ellsworth Toll M.A. I cannot begin to describe the pictures he showed. I am quite a lover of Nature and beautiful pictures, so I sat entranced through the whole programme.

It is a story of youth, adventure beauty, danger and romance.

I would have liked to have been with them as they journeyed. The ride down the river in the paddle-boat must have been thrilling, for the pictures taken on it were glorious. I also enjoyed the motor boat ride and the sunsets. The music that accompanied the movies was very beautiful indeed.

The still pictures were also interesting and wonderful.

Of course there is always a humorous side to every story. Pushing the donkey "Inca" over the mountains; playing the bagpipes beside the bank of the river, then falling into it, . . . and so on.

The part that impressed me the most was the beauty of God's creation. As Rev. Ellsworth Toll said when he showed his picture of the Panama Canal, "It's too bad that man cannot devote more time to building beautiful and useful things with the implements that modern science has produced, rather than using them as weapons of war for slaughter and destruction."

When hate takes the place of love in the world there can be nothing but tragedy. Don't you think, chums, that this old world would be a happier place if everyone looked more for

the beautiful? Your chum;—Marjorie Merritt.

### How to Keep Fit to Serve Canada

THIS title seems to imply "how to keep fit physically." I think everyone knows the rules of health such as: "Get plenty of good food and exercise. Sleep with the windows open. Drink at least four glasses of water daily. Clean your teeth and brush your hair regularly. Take a bath at least once a week. Keep your finger nails in good condition. Wear enough clothes to be comfortable and no more etc."

All health rules must be kept faithfully, in order to keep fit. However it says in the Bible. "Is not life more than meat and body than raiment?" Matt. 6: 25. If our minds are not healthy we can never be fit to serve our country. We must keep our minds clean and our thoughts pure. We must look up, not down, and have faith that God will not fail us if we ask Him to help us.

It is very important that Canada produce good citizens who will carry on when the war is over. In order to be fit for service when the time comes we must train now. We are taught four rules—that is, We must develop

\* \* \* \* \*

*This Week's Star Correspondent*

EILEEN LANE

Honorable Mention

MARJORIE MERRITT

\* \* \* \* \*

(1) physically (2) recreationally (3) intellectually (4) and spiritually.

We should spend some time each day in healthy outdoor sports such as swimming, skating, etc., as well as observing the regular health rules.

\* \* \*

EVERYONE should have a hobby of some kind to take our minds away from all the cares and anxiety of our daily work particularly in this time of strain. It has been said that what we do in our spare time is the real test of our character because we are judged by the things we like to do. That is why a daily recreation period is very important.

When we go to school, study, or read books, appreciate good music and art, listen to good radio programmes we are developing intellectually or mentally.

Some people think that to develop spiritually is unnecessary. But here they are wrong. If they leave Prayer, Worship and Bible study out of their lives and do not attend Church, Sunday School and the organizations connected with the Church they are missing the road to true happiness that only fellowship with God can give.

No one can say which of the above is the most important in character building. All must be considered and a proper balance reached—thus the "four-fold" life.

I can think of no better way of serving our country than developing a fine character. In this war torn world when there is so much strife and discouragement it is a pleasure to meet anyone whose personality shines with love. It is our duty to be happy and make others happy, and thus to make ourselves shine as a beacon in a world of darkness.—Marjorie Merritt.

Ans.—"Jesus bids us shine. . . You in your small corner and I in mine."—It is a good thing to work on.—A. R.

Dear Aunt Ruth;—Thank you so much for the lovely "Maple Leaf Pin" which was sent to me for my entry in your latest contest. It was a lovely pin and I am proud to wear it on my coat lapel whenever I go out. Thank you very much with best wishes for 1941. Yours truly,—Eileen Lane.

### Kind Scouts

SCOUTS of the various provinces of India continue to offer splendid examples of public service enterprise, and of fine self-forgetfulness in "helping other people." During a 5-day Boy Scout Social Service camp at a big religious festival on the Sonapur river, several hundred Scouts stood waist deep in cold water during the early morning hours, in order to prevent drownings among the throng of ceremonially bathing pilgrims.

# The Two Valentines

By Eileen Lane

Written for the Chums' Mail Bag

"JACK—supper", called Mrs. Austin from the verandah of the Austin home and, scarcely waiting for his "Coming Mother" hastily retreated to her warm kitchen. It was Feb. 13th and there was still plenty of snow about while a cool wind blew briskly.

Several minutes later Jack came tearing in, and made supper a talkative meal by relating exciting episodes of the latest game that had been introduced to the schoolboys by Allan Autly that afternoon at recess. "Its swell Moms," Jack was saying as he choked over his milk. "You should see Jim run, and they say they're going to choose me for—"

The rest of the sentence was lost as Jack took a piece of cake. The two parents smiled. Doubtless they were both thinking the same thing—their minds turning back to their own childhood. However Mr. Austin noticed that Jack had said absolutely nothing about his studies. "How's school going Son?" he asked as he reached for the pie.

"O.K.," Jack mumbled and remained silent for the rest of the meal, with only a "Scuse me" when he pushed back his chair.

As Jack left the room, his father glanced inquiringly at his wife.

"What's the matter with Jack now? Used to be always talking about his teacher Miss Leaton and his studies. Didn't say a word about it tonight and he generally has a stringup of the days doings to tell us."

"Jack and Miss Leaton have had a falling out" answered Mrs. Austin.

"What? How's that?"

"Just a misunderstanding I guess," replied Mrs. Austin as she stacked the plates. "I don't know the whole story but it looks as if Jack is mooning over something, and yesterday I heard one of the Ramon boys talking to George Baylon and they mentioned something about Jack being cut up about Miss Leaton—That was all I heard as they walked out of hearing."

\* \* \*

NEXT day at school through arithmetic class Jack fondled a valentine in his desk. It showed an extremely funny man in the first picture and underneath was the verse.

"This is teacher's beau  
I wouldn't be him  
She isn't any go  
For anybody's whim."

A hideous picture of a teacher was on the opposite leaf. Jack snickered as he thought of how she would look

when she received that, and then Miss Leaton's voice cut across his thoughts.

"Jack! are you asleep? I've asked you twice for your answer to the third question."

At recess Jack slipped away from the boys and taking an envelope out of his grammar text-book withdrew the valentine inside. It was a lovely affair, all roses, and flowers with a very nice verse, lace all around and a real bow of pink silk in the corner.

He smiled as he fingered it gently. They were having a valentine social in the afternoon and the Mothers of the students had been invited, as was the custom. They had made a big box in the shape of a red heart and later all valentines would be slipped into that, and then near the end a group of boys would give them out.

Jack was about to write his mother's name on the fancy envelope when a thought occurred to him and a little voice (somewhere within him) said "You're not being fair. Miss Leaton and you have always been friends. Just because she was cross and kept you in over some little matter one day isn't any excuse to send her a horrid valentine and your mother a lovely one. Think it over. Give her a nice one. Your mother will understand."

For the remainder of recess Jack remained in his seat thinking the situation over and when Miss Leaton reached for the bell to close recess he wrote in his best writing "Miss Leaton" on the envelope and on the valentine, "Jack." He walked up the aisle and deposited it in the box. On the way back he wore a happier smile than before.

\* \* \*

A lovely afternoon was enjoyed by all including Jack, his mother and Miss Leaton. The latter gayer than ever she had been. When the last of the valentines had been given out Mrs Austin couldn't but wonder why she had not received a valentine from Jack. He had always given her one. From the time when he was big enough to go to school he had crayoned a red heart and laboriously printed on it "JACK".

But at last came the answer. When all save Jack, Miss Leaton, and herself had gone home she was suprised and Jack was equally so when Miss Leaton came over to them and said "If you can spare a moment Jack I have an explanation to make. I'm sorry I was so unreasonably cross last week over such a trifle. I had just received

word that my younger brother was dangerously ill and might die. I was very worried and the result, well—that's over and now he's out of danger and I do think it was very nice of you to send me that lovely valentine".

Later when Jack showed his mother the "other" valentine and explained things Mrs. Austin only laughed and said in her motherly fashion "Jack, the valentine you gave me this year was the best of all. I would not have cared more for one carved in gold and ivory." Jack nodded and went to get a cookie out of the pantry jar: "You're swell, Moms" he said.

## AN ADVENTURE AT SEA

IN May, 1917, I was on a ship bound for Sierra Leone in West Africa", said Robert Hossack (Scottish, April 38). "Four days out of Liverpool, off the west coast of Ireland, it came on to blow and we were making only five knots. About midday on the Sunday a torpedo hit us in the bow. The ship was sinking and we were ordered into the boats. That wasn't easy in a high sea. The submarine came up to us, but all they did was to ask the name of the ship and where she was bound for.

Then she left, and we had just to rig up a sail and run before the wind. Some said we should make for Spain, a foolish idea, but sail for Spain we did. We had nineteen men in the boat and one black man died of exposure. The seams were leaky and it was just baling all the time. There was a small supply of bully beef and biscuits, but very little water. For myself I don't drink much water and so I didn't mind. I just had a mouthful on the fourth day. When the wind changed we turned north again and sighted a trawler. She at first took us for a submarine disguised and had her guns trained on us. But we lowered the sail and they came along side and took us on board. The other boat, we heard had kept close to their position and was picked up the day after. The Trawler from Aberdeen landed us at Galway on the west coast of Ireland. I went ashore in a boiler suit, a civilian jacket and the captain's cap.

"From Galway I got to Kingstown, but the purser on the boat wouldn't look at my papers. He wanted money for the passage and I had no money. So I just went along the quay and climbed aboard in the dark. He was suprised when he found me there when we were outside, but what could he do? So I made my way by showing my papers on to London and so to Portsmouth, where a petty officer took me in charge and got me a suit of clothes. I was in the sick bay at Whale Island for a time and got fourteen days' survivor's leave. But I wanted to go to sea again".—The Listener.

## The Gramophone That Helped

BEVIS knocked at the tailor's door and made a timid request that his overcoat might be repaired before school began.

"Tailor Jim has hurt his leg, and the doctor says he must lay in bed for a fortnight," was all the answer he was given.

"But how horrid!" said Bevis, with deep sympathy.

"Tis horrid for him—but worse for me to have him in the kitchen all day," replied Mrs. Jim tartly.



This was dreadful. Bevis and everybody else in the village loved Jim and disliked his sharp-tongued wife. An awful fate indeed for Jim to be in the kitchen all day.

Bevis saw how it was when he came in, later on, with his gramophone and offered to lend it.

The little bedroom opened off the kitchen, and Jim had to have the door wide, as there was not much air.

\* \* \*

JIM was looking pale and sad, and Mrs. Jim was whisking about, banging the pots and pans and muttering that one couldn't get on with a man in the way.

"If only I could sit up, Master Bevis, I would love to do your coat," Jim explained. "But I'll have to lay on my back twelve days and it's terrible wearisome."

"He seemed pleased with the gramophone, anyway," Bevis told his father.

The Rector lifted his eyebrows. "One thing I do know is that Jim can't bear music," said he. "I found it out when I asked him to come into the church choir."

"Then I wonder why he looked so delighted when I showed him the thing," said Bevis, looking puzzled.

"Perhaps it's just Jim's beautiful manners," suggested his mother.

But it wasn't only that. Next time Bevis passed the small red house the gramophone was playing, and the next time, and also the next time. And when he ventured to brave Mrs. Jim and go in and talk to Jim, lo, and behold! he caught her actually jazzing across the kitchen to the dresser. Old Mrs. Tailor Jim! And there was a smile on her face. The music had refreshed her, heart and soul.

"She loves music, though I can't abide it," whispered Jim, busy changing the record. "You've just done the very kindest thing you could have done for this illness is worse for her to bear than me. Bless you, Master Bevis."—The Children's Newspaper.

### A Good Play

*We built a ship upon the stairs  
All made of the back-bedroom  
chairs,  
And filled it full of sofa pillows  
To go a-sailing on the billows.*

*We took a saw and several nails,  
And water in the nursery pails;  
And Tom said, 'Let us also take,  
An apple and a slice of cake;—  
Which was enough for Tom and me  
To go a-sailing on, till tea.*

*We sailed along for days and days,  
And had the very best of plays;  
But Tom fell out and hurt his knee,  
So there was no one left but me.*

—R. L. Stevenson.

### Hit It On the Head

Drive the nail aright boys,  
Hit it on the head;  
Strike with all your might, boys,  
While the iron's red.

When you've work to do, boys,  
Do it with a will;  
They who reach the top, boys,  
First must climb the hill.

—Selected.

### ANSWERS TO YOUNG PEOPLE'S BIBLE READING

1. The Story of the Widow and the Judge.
2. No. "God is more willing to hear than we to pray."
3. That we must never be discouraged, but keep on praying.
4. The Story of the Pharisee and the Publican.
5. It was all boastfulness.
6. It was sincere. It came from his heart.
7. "Lord teach us to pray."

# Northern Messenger

A 16-Page Weekly Sunday Magazine

A Christian Service for the Whole Family  
of the Sunday School Scholar

Founded by John Dougall, 1864

Continuing the Canadian Messenger and Journal  
of Missions founded by John Dougall (1855-7).

Revived, 1864 as Canadian Messenger.

Present title adopted, 1876.

Printed and published by

JOHN DOUGALL & SON

(Frederick Eugene Dougall, surviving  
member of the firm.)

### Notice to Correspondents

Contributors of poems, stories, etc., who wish their material returned to them in case of rejection are asked to enclose a stamped and addressed envelope. We cannot pay for Poems.

### SUBSCRIPTION RATES

To Sunday Schools  
6 or more to one address at 50c. each.  
To Home Addresses

Prepaid—by the Year—

Single Subscriptions ..... 80 cts.

CLUB rates to separate addresses

3 or more at 70 cts. each.

6 or more at 65 cts. each.

### REDUCED PREPAID RATES

(or on yearly contract payable  
quarterly, 13c per quarter.)

### ABOUT POSTAGE

Above rates include postage throughout  
Br. Empire (except as below).

EXTRA POSTAGE: For Greater Montreal (city of publication), Australia, and U. S. A. and overseas foreign countries 50 cts. extra for single subscriptions.

S. S. packages to such addresses by arrangement.

### SUNDAY SCHOOLS PLEASE NOTE

If the bundle is to be sent to a new address, please state both old and new. The bundle should always go in the name of the official most permanently interested, though it may be addressed to him in c/o someone more convenient to S.S. or P.O.

### Our Remarkable

### Introductory Offer

would interest some S. S. friend of yours who may not know what the Messenger is like today. It will be sent on request.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers,

P.O. Box 3070, Place d'Armes,  
Montreal, Quebec.

# Keep your WITS WORKING

## ENIGMA

Four letters only I possess.  
I'm liked in weather chilly.  
But change my tail, cut off my head,  
By many I'm called silly.  
Change tail again, give new head and  
I'll soon surround a castle grand.  
When you are hungry, then you should  
Behead me and get cake so good.

## AUTHORS!

What British and American authors are suggested by the following?

1. A tall man. 2. A warrior. 3. An ecclesiastic. 4. Houses. 5. Effect of heat. 6. A tree.

## CROWN THEM!

1. Crown the atmosphere and get an exhibition.
2. Crown writing fluid and get a place for sport.
3. Crown a coin and get a perfume.
4. Crown a narrow road and get a surface.
5. Crown a whip and get a cut.
6. Crown a vase and get a hurt.

## SECRET MESSAGES

THIS is a quiet game that causes great fun, and it can be turned into a very interesting amusement for "Witching Parties," like those that are sometimes given on Twelfth Night in England. In that case, instead of writing ordinary messages on slips of paper, put down little innocent predictions (keeping always to the humorous or optimistic note), mix the slips up in a box, and let the players pick them out, one at a time.

To write the messages, get a new pen that has not been used for ink, and then dip this in fresh lemon juice. Do your writing on white paper. When the words are dry, the paper will not look as if it had anything on it. All you have to do to make the writing come up plainly is to hold the sheet of paper a little distance away from the fire, so that it gets quite warm. Then you will be surprised to see the letters stand up quite clearly, so that every one can be read.

## ANIMAL ANAGRAM

TRANSPOSE the letters of the words printed in capitals to spell the name of the animal represented by the twelve asterisks:

The . . . . . I've heard tell can live on land and sea, as well. When in the water he clumsily floats, he's likely to capsize a great many boats. I never learned what else he can do, and I'm wondering if he can PUMP A SHIP, TOO.

## Answers to Last Week's Puzzles

*Hidden Vegetables*—Pea; beet; turnip; carrot; bean; tomato; potato; marrow; corn; mellon.

*The Cop and the Beggar*—Be gone. (Beg on).

*Seven Ages*—1. Cottage. 2. Pottage. 3. 4. Shortage. 5. Postage. 6. Passage. 7. Mileage.

The knife-grinder met an old friend. "How are things with you?" asked the friend.

"Splendid," was the reply.

"Everything's as dull as can be."

Mrs. Newrich had social ambitions. "Actually, Mrs. De Smythe, we are connected with some of the very best families," she said to a new acquaintance.

"Really?" was the cool reply.

"By telephone, I suppose?"

## Kitchen Konfusion

The clank of metal everywhere.

Smoke: odd odors fill the air.

In the distance—a plaintive shout,  
But none know what it's all about.

Alas—disaster; no relief in sight,  
Since early dawn to darkest night;  
Devastation, ruin, lie in its wake.

It's just Aunt Sarah, and she's making cake.

—Fredrick C. Mohr, Richmond Hill.

## A PICTURE TO COLOR

These pigeons are lucky to have a little girl feed them every day. They flutter down, and pick up the crumbs she throws, their bright feathers shining in the sun. Some of them are gray, some white, some blue, and some are reddish brown. Try coloring the whole picture with your paints. Use a fine-pointed paint brush, very carefully, and see how pretty you can make the picture.

## Cheerful Chips

Silverthorn Baptist Sunday School,  
Toronto, Jan. 18, 1941.

Gentlemen,—Please enter our order for 140 copies of *Northern Messenger*. It is indeed THE ideal paper for our needs. Yours in His service,  
Norman Flawn, Sec'y.

B.C.—Jan. 22, '41.

Dear Sir,—I am the new secretary of the \* \* \* United Sunday School. We have an order for 25 of your papers, which expires on Feb. 28th of this year. At that time we would like you to renew our order, but instead of having 25 will you increase it to 30 copies.

Thank you. I am enclosing \$15.00 for same.

As soon as our Sunday School attendance increases we hope to be able to enlarge our order of papers.

Yours sincerely,

(Miss) Beryl Whitehead.

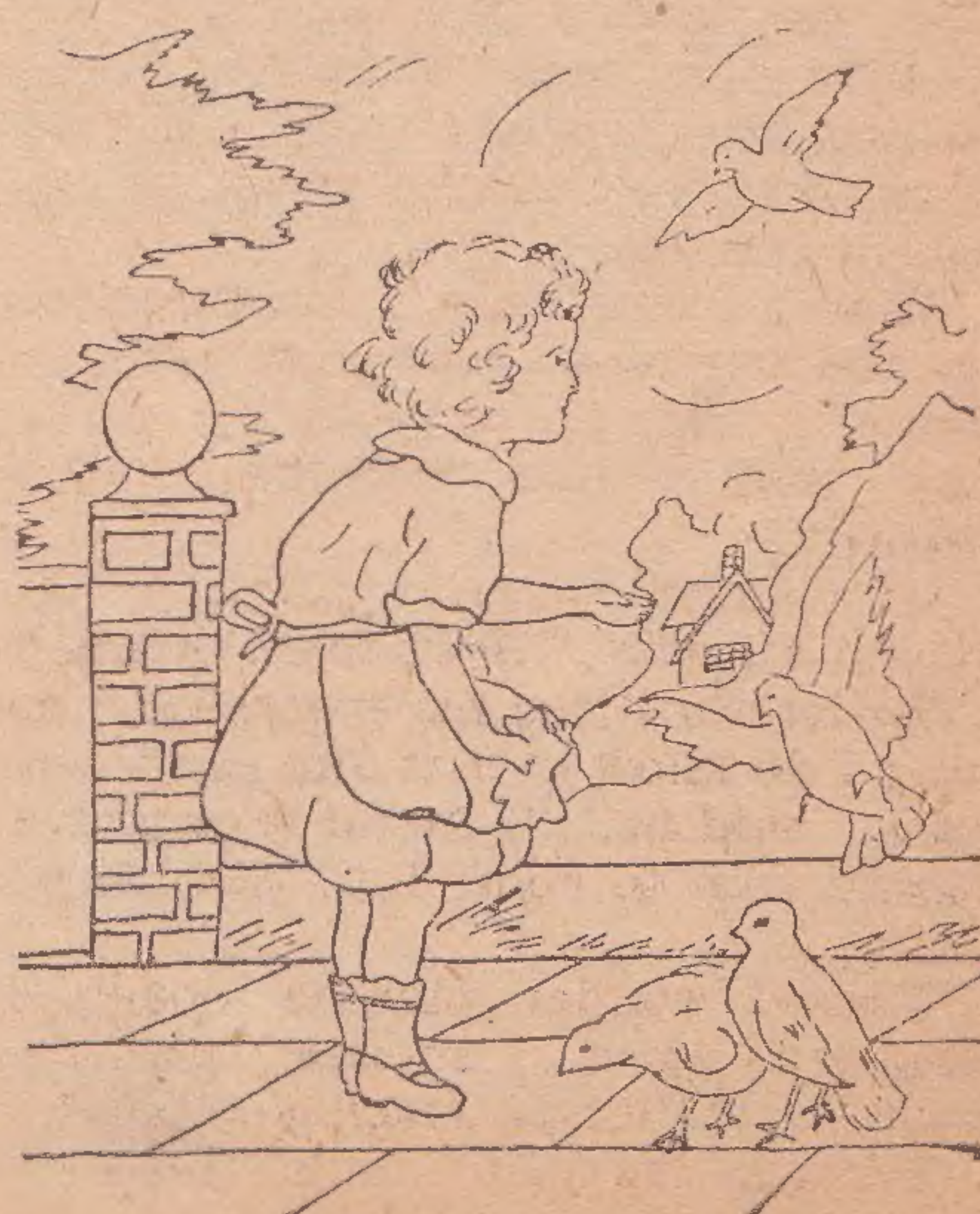
"You have a very valuable paper, looked forward to by many of our school.—C. G. P., Jan. 6, '41, Cornwall, Ont.

"We cut our S.S. Messenger Club down recently, thinking to save money, but we can't get by on it. So please increase at once to the old number and send us the bill."

We like your paper very much—everybody reads it—young and old. I am liking very much the cross-word puzzles you are giving us now.—A. F. R., Sussex, N.B.

"I need not tell you how much I appreciate the *Northern Messenger*. Especially the last two pages. Have been reading it for over sixty years."—W. C. K., Kansas, U.S.A.

The best paper we have ever taken. (*The Northern Messenger*)—D. R., Ont.





## While the Kettle Sings . . .

### BUDGET-WISE MENU

For a budget-wise, tempting evening meal for two, serve broiled hamburger sandwiches with stewed tomatoes and cole slaw, cocoa bread pudding and a beverage. Allow about a quarter of a pound of hamburger for each sandwich. Place the meat on slices of bread, sprinkle with a little chopped onion, dot with bread and boil.

### COCOA BREAD PUDDING

1 cup bread, 3 tablespoons cocoa, 6 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, 1-8 teaspoon salt, 1 cup evaporated milk, 1-2 cup boiling water, 1-4 teaspoon vanilla, 1-2 tablespoon butter.

Cut bread in small cubes or break into small pieces. Place in buttered baking dish. Mix cocoa and sugar. Beat egg, add sugar mixture, salt and milk. Stir in water and vanilla. Pour over bread. Dot with butter. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) until set, about 40 minutes. Makes about 3 servings.

A double layer cake for two may be made from one 9-inch layer. Cut in half, fit one-half on the other and top with favorite frosting.

### LAYER CAKE

1 cup flour, sifted, 1 rounded teaspoon baking powder, 1-8 teaspoon salt, 1-3 cup shortening, 1-2 cup sugar, 1 egg, separated, 1-2 cup milk, 1-2 teaspoon vanilla.

To sifted flour add baking powder and salt and sift together 3 times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg yolk; then flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla and fold in stiffly beaten egg white. Bake in greased 9-inch layer pan in moderate oven (375 degrees F.) 25 to 30 minutes.

### The Voices of Birds

THERE are definite names given to the voices of many birds. Here are a few of them.

The turkey gobbles. The falcon chants. The lapwing peewits. The duck quacks. The whitethroat chirrs. The canary quavers. The bittern booms. The linnet chuckles. The goose hisses. The blackbird whistles. The chaffinch pinks. The swallow twitters. The jay chatters. The cock crows.—C. N.

## THE REFRESHMENT PERIOD

LUCIA MALLORY

IF I were a mother, I should never mention the high cost of living at mealtime, nor would I permit anyone else to do so. It is not refreshing! Not long ago, I was a dinner guest in a very pleasant, comfortably furnished home. The meal was carefully planned and well-cooked, and my hostess was very gracious, but she talked at such length about the high cost of the food she was serving that I marveled that any of us who sat at the table could partake of it. It was evident that the small nine-year-old daughter of the family felt very little desire to do so.

"If butter keeps going up", Mrs. Baker exclaimed, "I don't see how any of us are going to live!"

"We can always expect a seasonal rise in price at this time of year," her husband answered.

"But not such a big jump as we've had lately—an increase of two cents last week and another increase this week," our hostess went on in a high-pitched voice, "and eggs are almost prohibitive in price."

"Well, Martha, the producers ought to be happy," suggested her husband.

"What about the poor consumers?" Mrs. Baker's words had the aptitude of an oft-rehearsed reply. "There ought to be a reasonable price for both the producer and consumer—"

Our host continued to enjoy his dinner, with no concern for his wife's tirade against high prices. It was evidently an old story. Small Marian, however sat regarding her mother with big troubled eyes, leaving the roast chicken untouched on her plate.

While I was endeavoring to think of some way to guide the conversation into more pleasant channels, Miss Waite, the mother's sister, spoke softly to the child. "Do you know what I saw at the bakery when I stopped for the wholewheat rolls this evening, Marian? A lovely calendar from Scotland, with pictures of the Scottish hills and lakes and ever so many verses by Scottish poets. There was one like this:

'And night will come, and then far through the darkling

'A light will shine out in some sounding glen—'

Let's go to Scotland some day, Marian, and visit those 'sounding glens'!"

The small tense face relaxed, and the little girl began to eat her dinner.

Somebody began to talk about the State Tournament then in progress at the city park, our hostess became interested in seeing that everyone was adequately served, and the meal went on very agreeably, with no more mention of the cost.

THE incident might not have seemed so important to me if I had not heard similar comments at other tables, and in several instances with the same bad effects on the children who were present. Disregarding the fact that such complaints concerning food prices cannot be other than embarrassing to a guest, they are more than likely to create an undesirable atmosphere for the children in the home. Also, unsatisfactory conditions in community, state, or world affairs cannot be improved by discussing them at the dining table, and everyone has a right to be free from worry at mealtime. That should be the family refreshment period.

I believe that the mothers who talk too much about prices need a little vacation from housekeeping—perhaps not a complete separation from their homes, but they should at least take time for reading, for music, or for recreation of some sort that will give them additional interests. In any case, in the solution of housekeeping problems, it hinders rather than helps to present them at mealtime.

(Issued by the National Kindergarten Association  
8 West 40th St. New York City, U.S.A.)

A story of a five year old comes from a school in England.

The teacher called on Form One for words beginning with I. Up went a hand and the small boy answered "Ittapotamus."

### Business As Usual

A typical example of the unconquerable Cockney spirit. A famous city tavern, windows shattered, has the following notice posted up where the windows once stood: OPEN AS USUAL.

The little tea and coffee shop next door, windows all shattered, has gone one better and announces cheerily:—

"MORE OPEN THAN USUAL"

2

**Buskels of Ripe  
TOMATOES**  
 from ONE VINE

2 or 3 vines will produce enough tomatoes for the average family.

**THE NEW CLIMBING  
TRIP-L-CROP**

TOMATO rapidly grows to a height of 10 to 12 feet—often as high as 16 to 20 feet. Grow on trellis, on side of home, barn or anywhere. Can be grown as a bush in garden. Beautiful, large, crimson, solid, meaty fruits of best quality. The most productive of all tomatoes. Pkt. 20c; 1/4 oz. 40c postpaid.

**FREE—Our Big 1941 Seed and Nursery Book**

**Better Than Ever**  
**Dominion Seed House**  
 Georgetown, Ontario

# Northern Messenger

## WE ARE ALL OUT — ON THE FRONT LINE!

THE great war-time speeches are of such immediate and historic importance that we have been selecting for our readers some of their outstanding passages.

In his recent stirring and challenging address, our Prime Minister warned us that a "total war" was coming and that as practised by the Nazis the aim and purpose of total war are total destruction.

"There is only one way to meet total war," he said, "and that is by total effort—not for a day, or a week, or a month, but every day until victory is won!"

"Total effort means that every man, woman and child does, and keeps on doing, everything possible to help."

The concluding paragraphs of Mr. King's address are specially worth re-reading:

"Every saving you lend to Canada will help to make possible the attainment of the war effort I have outlined. Your savings, standing alone, may seem small and insignificant. But taken together, the savings of all the citizens of Canada may well weight the scales on the side of victory.

"In the midst of the dark days of the last war, the then Prime Minister of Great Britain, in appealing to his countrymen, related to them an old Celtic legend. It seems to me in his appeal, and in the simple tale which it relates, there lies a lesson for us all.

### THE LAME ANT

"THERE is a story," said he, "of a man who was given a series of what appeared to be impossible tasks to perform, ere he could reach the desires of his heart. Amongst other things he had to do, was to recover every grain of seed that had been sown in a large field, and bring it all in, without one missing, by sunset.

"He came to an ant-hill, and won all hearts, and enlisted the sympathies of the industrious little people. They spread over the field, and, before sundown, the seed was all in except one grain; and, as the sun was setting over the western skies, a lame ant hobbled along with that grain also."

"Some of us have youth and vigor, and suppleness of limb; some of us are crippled with years or infirmities, and are, at best, but lame ants. But we can all limp along with some share of our country's burden, and thus help her in this terrible hour to win the desire of her heart."

## WE ALL CAN HELP

AS, in Canada, we each seek to serve as best we can, let us not be misled believing that because we have not been assigned some special role, our contribution in effort or in saving may be too slight to be of value to so great a cause.

"It is for each one to seek out for himself, in the circumstances in which he finds himself, how he can best play his part. Example sufficiently inspiring will surely be found in the lives of the men and women of Britain.

"Neither let us be dismayed at the magnitude of the task, nor discouraged by the length of the road.

"Across the centuries, there come to us, as there came to the defenders of the faith in ancient days, words which have sustained the human heart in all its struggles: 'Let us not be weary in well-doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not'."

Mr. King then recited the following challenging poem:

### "I SAW THE MORNING BREAK!"

"Ye, that have faith to look with fearless eyes  
Beyond the tragedy of a world at strife,  
And know that out of death and night shall rise  
The dawn of ampler life,  
Rejoice, whatever anguish rend your heart,  
That God has given you the priceless dower,  
To live in these great times and bear your part  
In freedom's crowning hour;  
That ye may tell your sons who see the light  
High in the heavens—their heritage to take  
I saw the powers of darkness put to flight,  
I saw the morning break,"

## IN IT "TO THE HILT"

THE Messenger staff had a talk over the War Saving Certificates question with the result that one hundred per cent gave their pledges for a regular amount weekly (to be deducted from their pay cheques) for the purchase in their names of certificates.

It was recognized that the present crisis demanded budgeting for personal and national fitness—for saving and War Certificates so that we might keep pace with our soldiers, sailors and airmen, rather than to try to keep up with, or surpass the Joneses. We can get by on the old clothes, or with the

old car, or possibly, as most of us must, without any car, for the duration. It must be fashionable to save and shameful to spend on luxuries.

And it was recognized that it was in the spirit of intelligent democracy to support the proper aims of the Government willingly, gladly; and that such wholehearted support, if given promptly, would beat Hitler's high-handed compulsions.

In whatever way we can "Let us come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

As Mr. King, our Prime Minister says, we can only overcome total war by total service.

## MUSTN'T ROB PETER TO PAY PAUL

"There are so many other appeals for money, you know, and we mustn't rob Peter to pay Paul."

Quite true. But let us be sure "Peter" is not just a nick name for our pride or pleasure. We certainly must not cut down our support of the spiritual services of our church or missionary societies, more necessary now than ever. On the other hand, we should not contribute to any "frills" that they could do without and perhaps do better without.

Where Hitler wins out he confiscates church and missionary endowments and resources. So we must see to it,—cost what it may—that he does not win.

## THEY DID NOT WANT WAR

SAID an Italian officer, a prisoner of war on board a British transport on the Mediterranean:

"The Italian people did not want war. Italy had been duped by the Italian Axis leaders. We know the Germans hate us and we hate them. No one in Italy wanted this war. We only wanted peace. We are proud of our country, not of our leaders. I think the people some day will get rid of Mussolini. Fascist Italy will die and a great new Italy will be born."

And other officers on the same ship agreed with him.

No doubt very many other Italian officers, and soldiers, sailors and airmen are thinking the same thing.

We are sure that even in Germany, where Hitler's hypnotic influence is very great, there are many who realize that their Fuehrer has overstepped the

mark. To that extent they will not be wholehearted warriors.

It is because the cause of Christian Democracy is truly sacred and just that the British peoples are so wholehearted, united and effective.

A bombastic vision may appear as beautiful as a soap bubble. But prick it and it collapses. Mussolini's bubble has collapsed, as in time, if we do our duty NOW, Hitler's also surely will collapse—through lack of sincerity in the leader and of faith on the part of peoples he has hoodwinked.

## S.S. OFFICERS, ATTENTION

If our editorial discussions are senior to many of our readers, they are nevertheless in their interest. For tomorrow's world is their world and it behooves us, their teachers and parents, to view today's predicaments seriously on their behalf.

Compromise never satisfies God.

### What Little Things Will Do

A crumb will feed a little bird;  
A thought prevent an angry word;  
A seed bring forth full many a flower;  
A drop of rain foretell a shower.

A little cloud the sun will hide;  
A dwarf may prove a giant's guide;  
A narrow plank a safe bridge form  
A smile some cheerless spirit warm!

A step begins a journey long;  
A weak frame oft outwits the strong;  
A gull defies the angry sea;  
A word will set a captive free!

A hornet goads a mighty beast;  
A cry of fire breaks up a feast;  
A glass shows wonders in the skies.  
A child sometimes confounds the wise.

A straw the wild wind's course reveals;  
A kind act oft an old grudge heals;  
A beacon light saves many a life;  
A slight will often kindle strife!

A puff of smoke betrays the flame;  
A pen-stroke e'en can blight a name;  
A little hand may alms bestow;  
A message small brings joy or woe!

The widow's mite a great gift proved;  
A mother's prayer has Heav'n moved  
"Then let us not," the poet sings,  
"Despise the Gospel of small things!"

—M. A. K. in Christian Herald.

# Mermaids and Mermen

By W. K. Putney

"If we meet mermaids," was the question asked by sailors at the time of Columbus, "what will they do? Will they wreck the ship or entice some sailor overboard?"

Mermaids and mermen caused terror and the possibility of their presence in the Sea of Darkness, as the Atlantic Ocean was then called, made any sailor think many times before he would ship on a vessel that might go beyond the Canary Islands. Both mermaids and mermen are found in the accounts of ancient people. The Babylonians had a deity that was represented as being half fish and half woman. The Philistines had a national god that was half fish and half man.

Many ancient countries had coins on which was the figure of a mermaid or merman and, strange as it may seem, the native people of South America had similar beliefs about these sea creatures, as is evidenced by a coin of ancient Peru and by one of the Peruvian deities that was also half fish and half man. An even stranger belief existed in Ceylon, in ancient times, for there the natives said that the sea was inhabited by ferocious monsters that were half fish and half animal, heads being those of either lions or tigers.

The idea of mermaids was probably derived from seals. The rest of the description coming from imagination.

\* \* \*

THERE are many old tales based upon what were supposed to be real experiences of sailors and the latter described mermaids in a far different manner than seems to be popular at the present time. We picture mermaids as beautiful creatures with sleek graceful bodies and beautiful faces. Early sailors say just the opposite—that mermaids had horrible faces, with broad, menacing brows, piercing eyes, wide mouths with tusk-like teeth and double chins. We gain our idea of those beautiful mermaids from the ancient poets who always pictured mermaids as sitting on rocks, combing their hair with combs of pearl and gold. The only mermaids not described as repulsive are those of the Mediterranean Sea. They were known as water nymphs and are very interesting.

These water nymphs of the Mediterranean Sea were also called the Nereids and were supposed to be a special group of fifty. Greek mythology tells us that they were young goddesses, the daughters of Nereus. They were clad in long, flowing gowns of green waves

and they danced on the surface of the ocean. They were also shown as riding on the backs of dolphins, and carrying tridents in their right hands. It is said that sailors welcomed them as they were practically the only mermaids who brought good luck and warned sailors of impending dangers.

\* \* \*

WE hear of sirens. They were other mermaids and their home was on the shores of an island southwest of Italy. They were dreaded by sailors for they sought to stir up the gods of the sea, cause storms and thus wreck ships. They sang weird songs that started in low tones and gradually worked up to a piercing shriek. When the siren's voice reached its highest pitch, it was supposed that the sailor, whom the siren was trying to entice to her side, would jump overboard. Because in fancy, there are certain kinds of steam and compressed air whistles that sound much like that ancient song, we call them sirens today.

There were many peculiar beliefs about mermaids. It was said that the mermaids swam beside the ship and occasionally dived into the depths of the ocean to catch fish. They reappeared at the surface with these fish in their hands. If a mermaid threw a fish toward a vessel, it was believed that she was summoning a storm; if she threw it away from the ship, the storm would not strike but would veer away, harmless.

A curious old belief was that mermaids of the North Sea wished to gain human form and so they sat on the rocks by the sea and tried to catch any sailor who came near them. If successful, she immediately turned into a beautiful maiden and the sailor fell in love with her and married her. But no mermaid was satisfied with living on land for more than two or three years and then she left her sailor husband, returned to the sea and once more assumed her form of half fish and half woman.

THIS question of dogs foretelling events is one that has for long engaged the attention of psychologists. There is evidence to show that before the great earthquake at Quetta four years ago a dog pulled his master from his bed half an hour before the event, and two others behaved in a similar manner. There may have been something in the state of the atmosphere that made them apprehensive.—Tail-Wagger Chats.